

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page 12)

seems to me it was stated around last inauguration time that it had not happened before at all—has a Vice President served two terms?

Speaker and Mrs. Clark.

Celebrated in New York.

Speaker and Mrs. Clark, by the way, spent their Fourth up in New York, taking part in the Fourth of July celebration there, and they had planned if Congress took its project to recess—to go on from there to their home, "Honeyhuck," at Bowline Green, Mo. They spent last Sunday at Summit Point, W. Va., where their daughter and son-in-law, and the most wonderful baby that ever happened, are visiting the baby's other grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Thomson.

Secretary and Mrs. Daniels also spent their Fourth up in New York, where Secretary Daniels was the chief speaker at Tammany Society's celebration. The McDooos and the Lanes are the only others of the Cabinet set who were away—and they have been away for some time. The McDooos spent their Fourth somewhere out in the Yellowstone country, fishing—no pleasant a way of doing nothing as man has yet devised; and the Lanes, who took a flying trip to Honolulu, to look into some matters that were urgently demanding the Secretary's attention, landed at a Pacific port some days ago and, though they expected to "stop for a few minutes at several places," are just about due back in Washington now.

The Attorney General's household is pretty well broken up for the summer. Mrs. Gregory, after considerable debating with herself as to whether she wanted to go down to Texas—down home, that is—and spend the summer with her mother, or bring her mother up here to spend the summer with her up in the Blue Ridge country, "all same like every one else," or go up to New England where one of her sons is stationed in a training camp, finally went South, taking little Miss Cornelia, her youngest, with her, and planning that she might later spend some time with her son, Miss Jane Gregory, who "can't leave her job" with the

Food Administration—or those two Belgian babies she had adopted might starve—in the guest of the Lanes Beach, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Beach, out near Rockville, whence she can motor—or trolley—every day. The Attorney General is staying at the Chevy Chase Club, and the Gregory house is closed until fall.

I understand, by the way, that the cottage at Blue Ridge Summit, where Mrs. Koo, wife of the Chinese minister and her two cherub babies are now settled, is the Taylor cottage which was first rented to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Delano. I haven't been able to find out where the Delanos are now, but they are planning for the summer. I suspect, indeed, that they won't decide themselves until it develops whether or not Mr. Delano, who is a member of the Federal Reserve Board, is to go to France, as has been suggested, to handle transportation problems for General Pershing. Their house here is closed, and as earnest of the fact that they have definitely decided not to go to Blue Ridge Summit they have shifted their cottage there to Dr. Koo.

Mrs. Houston West

On Visiting Tour.

Mrs. Houston is also away. She took the children and made one or two visits, before settling them for the summer at Woods Hole, Mass., where they have been in the habit of spending the summer, and where in past seasons they had for neighbors the Spring-Rice family and her two children—Master Anthony and little Miss Betty. The visits are over, and Mrs. Houston and the children settled in the summer quarters, where Mrs. Houston will probably leave the youngsters and return to Washington soon to be with her husband most of the time until he can take his vacation and be with them. They are probably really quite as comfortable in the big airy house they have up on New Hampshire avenue—they have been renting for the past two or three years Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury's Washington residence, and she keeps a suite at the Shoreham for use any time she wants to come down from Philadelphia—as they would be anywhere else.

It is rather noticeable how many of the young married ones, who would normally be the ones above all others who would desire the fun and gaiety of the resorts, are the de Mohrenschildts, the de Mohrenschildts, according to Mrs. de Mohrenschildt, expecting to be there pretty much all summer. There are Captain and Mrs. Lundy Spring-Rice, the latter formerly Rebekah Collins, Mrs. DeWitt Talmadge's daughter—who are in possession of the Talmadge apartment in the Algonquin where they recently entertained Mrs. Talmadge for a few days when she interrupted her vacation to come to Halle Elkins Davis' wedding.

There are the two girls who picked their husbands from the French High Commission—Mrs. Marcet, who was Frances Moore, and Mrs. Langlois, who was Amy Bennett. Both of them are to spend the summer in their present town houses—the Marylins in the huge Whitehall house, on Massachusetts avenue (which most Washingtonians still speak of as "the Moore house," because they watched it building for Clarence Moore, whose widow is now Mrs. Wickfield)—and Mr. and Mrs. Wickfield are at Mrs. Wickfield's summer place, "Swiftmoor," at Prince's Crossing, Mass.

They expect to go up about the middle of the month.

Lieutenant Langlands and Bride

Occupied Bennett Home.

And Lieutenant and Mrs. Langlands—who returned about a week ago—are established in the Bennett residence until fall, while Mrs. Bennett is in Maine, and Mr. Bennett—not to intrude on the young people—has taken himself to the Army and Navy Club. They are being considerably entertained by their friends who were denied the opportunity during their short engagement, starting in with Mrs. Theodora Shuer, who celebrated their return—and her own recuperation of her house on California street, which has been rented during the war to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. L. Ledyard, of New York—for a tea for them last Sunday.

There was some talk of Lieut. and Mrs. Davis, our most recent bride—settling down in her mother's apartment on Eighteenth street, but the last I heard she had decided to go to Quantico with Lieutenant Perry, being of the Marines, is stationed. In the same way, Margaret Fahnstok, now Mrs. Sylvester Stokes, Jr., has recently moved herself at Norfolk where Mr. Stokes is stationed.

Of course all these young people are those who have a number of friends and will be constantly week-enders or there as often as their young husbands can get leave. The de Mohrenschildts, as ever, with Mrs. de Mohrenschildt's sister, Mrs. Clayton Platt, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia—the latter having just returned from her wedding trip. They went for Letta Sullivan's wedding, with Albert Lincoln Hoffman today, and for all the parties that would, of course, precede that event. And Capt. and Mrs. Pitt Scott, moved down to Warrenton with the "Blitz" Blits to spend the week-end when they immediately after Halle Davis' wedding, which Mrs. Blit, who was Katherine Elkins, naturally came up for. None of these newweds are likely to suffer for lack of company or change.

Congress and President

Stay on the Job.

President Roosevelt always managed to get his "Summer White House" established at Oyster Bay before the great and glorious Fourth arrived. President Taft, even though it did happen once or twice in his regime that Congress was in session over the Fourth, managed to join his family at Beverly for the day. And Congress, if it was in session, was held in its self-pity, and had its trucks parked at the mile-long secured and reservations made, and was straining at the leash days before the game fell. Nowadays, it is learning to accept an all-year session as the situation philosophically. To be sure, it had this year planned a recess—wanted one for perfectly obvious reasons—but apparently without any real expectation of getting it; and had made no real plans or preparations for leaving town. Early in the day, the Congress apparently forgot the chance she took, will find herself in possession of a gem of a luncheon cloth.

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At the White House.

An interesting little story, which came to me the other day concerning a charming aristocrat from the South. It happened at a dinner given at the White House some time ago. A member of the Presidential connection found in the small envelope at the foot of the stairway where seats at table and a diagram await the men, a small card indicating that his dinner partner was "Miss Lee." "The lady who fell to his share, instead of being the young girl he had visioned, was a stately, graying dame, with silver hair and distinguished air, who proved cordial and charming, but gave no hint of her identity. After some time spent in wondering who "Miss Lee" might be, the young man took his nerve in both hands and hesitatingly asked: "May I inquire if you are any relation to Gen. Robert E. Lee?"

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Of the two, some Atlanta girls from school here, who met the colonel on

ON THE AVENUE

Her bonnet was blue and across it streamed a bit of red ribbon.

She was pretty with the freshness of youth and her smile was the fruit of happiness.

Half under her arm she held a tambourine whose red rim restrained a store of tinkling coins.

From somewhere she had come with the sense of a task well done and a bit of funds for a worthy cause.

Behind her, smiling too, there came a negro boy. Under his arm a bunch of papers hugged to his side proclaimed his calling and, by their lessened numbers, his successful day.

Perhaps she was suspicious, for, though she never ceased to smile, she kept a wary eye to the rear and clasped her tambourine more closely.

And then something called her eyes away. She looked straight ahead and the boy, watching, saw his opportunity.

Two or three quick steps and his hand was at her elbow. His eyes glistened, his smile grew wider, showing brilliant white teeth. And then, unclasping his fingers, he let a little shower of pennies fall into the tambourine.

The lassie turned, surprised, abashed. The boy she had thought was a thief was a Samaritan. The hand that she thought was meant to steal was bent on giving.

She smiled, more kindly, more sweetly even than before, and said "God bless you."

The boy, touching a ragged cap, bowed respectfully and turned away.

The bit of red ribbon fluttered merrily, the coins jingled cheerily, and two hearts rejoiced in the sincerity of true charity.

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And now Susan, after being guilty of this, I will make my exit. Fondly yours, JEAN ELIOT.

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Mrs. Ord Preston, of Washington, has been a visitor at Bar Harbor for a few days, where she was registered at the Newport Hotel. She is going to her summer home at Winter Harbor. "An interesting arrival of the past week was Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, who is at Elmwood for the season. En route to Maine Mrs. Dimock was a visitor with Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson at Canandaigua, N. Y. "Mrs. Victor N. Cushman has joined Mr. Cushman at the Belmont, where they will spend the season."

Former Walter's Mother Was Worried.

Speaking of war—everybody is—I will now tell you of the one ray of light which illuminates the gloom among a certain contingent of erstwhile pampered persons in Atlanta society, who had their "favorite waiter" at a well-known fashionable hostelry—but have not their "favorite waiter" any more. I will quote this to you as it came to me from Atlanta:

"Work or fight, you see, has played havoc with 'favorite waiters,' scattering them to the four winds of heaven, as it were. (Or maybe, the other way!) One optimistic matron who sees fun in any situation—even the departure of her 'favorite waiter'—tells this little tale: